

an Quarterly Newsletter

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Clan Henderson Society of the United States and Canada

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Pictured in the photo from the left are Dan Henderson, George Henderson, Rex Redmon (in back), Dick Taylor (President, Loch Norman Highland Games: emcee, Grandfather Mountain Highland Games and Waxhaw Highland Games), Pastor Jeff Lowrance, Horace Loftin, Mr. Cathey, and Mack Henderson. The wee laddie at the bottom is Rex Redmon's grandson, Randy.

Kirking at Hopewell Presbyterian Church

by Mack Henderson

The Kirking at Hopewell Presbyterian Church took place on 29 October 1995. As you can see, Clan Henderson was a dominant element in the event. There were seven kilted Hendersons in the procession.

The congregation treated us with great generosity, reserving the first pews for us and, afterwards, allowing us to be first in line at the buffet. The kirking was a great success. I was very proud of both my clan and my ancestors' church, and I was very happy that I could bring both together. I was also very pleased and proud that Horace Loftin was willing and able to attend. I hope that the kirking can become an annual event for our clan.

Take a look at George in the photo. He looks like a Scottish laird. The bricks seen in the photo were handmade and donated to the church about 1860 by Andrew Robinson Henderson, my great-grandfather.

To show our gratitude, I presented an enlarged, framed copy of the photograph to Pastor Lowrance on behalf of Clan Henderson.

Claude & Ann Visit the Chief and his Family in Australia

by Claude and Ann Henderson

Ann and I hope everyone had a great Christmas and we wish all of you a happy and prosperous New Year. This is a perfect time to share our trip to Australia.

We spent two days in Honolulu enroute to give us a break from the long trip. This turned out to be a very wise decision. We contacted longtime Clan member, Betty Armitage, who gave us the insiders tour of the island. A long-time resident, you would think Betty was a native of the island because of her knowledge and love of the area—she is our only Clan Henderson member in the Hawaiian Islands. We went for a drive through an area of many beautiful homes, around the southern end and up the windward side of the island and saw some of the most beautiful scenery anywhere.

Thanks Betty, you made our trip to Honolulu very special.

The next day we took an afternoon, ten-hour flight to Sydney.

Our hotel overlooked Darling Harbor, but we were soon in bed; it had been a long day.

The next morning we joined our tour group and began to see what Sydney had to offer. Sydney is a pretty city, very clean and busy. We enjoyed a lunch cruise on the harbor, visited the Opera House and were privileged to hear the orchestra rehearse, visited a wildlife sanctuary for close-ups of koalas, kangaroos, emus and colorful Australian birds, and enjoyed a barbecue at a home-stand on the Hawkesbury river.

Soon it was time to board our bus for Canberra, the National Capital, where we visited a sheep station. We learned to throw the boomerang, saw the sheep dogs at work and some sheep being sheared. We continued our tour with a visit to Parliament House, the city, and the Australian War Memorial before flying to Melbourne.

One of Australia's greatest assets is the friendship extended by its citizens. Everyone seemed to be very willing to tell us about their city, explaining how to get around and offering suggestions on places to go and things to see. We enjoyed shopping at the Queen Victoria Markets, visiting Phillips Island to see the Penguin parade, visiting the Fitzroy gardens and the Royal Botanical Gardens, and taking a ride on the historic Puffing Billy steam train.

We drove on the Great Ocean Road for some spectacular views of sheer cliff faces, golden surf, quaint villages, a rain forest, and some amazing rock formations, and then through western farmlands to South Australia and Mount Gambier. From there we traveled on Australia's famous National highway visiting several fishing villages, and then along the Coorong, across the Murray river to Adelaide.

From Adelaide we flew to Ayers Rock to visit the Olgas and to see the sunset on Ayers Rock at dusk. The following day we visited an Aboriginal campsite in Alice Springs and toured the Flying Doctor Service Fa-

cility. Ann and I rode a camel and in the evening enjoyed a barbecue at a cattle station where we had Billy Tea and Damper bread. From there we flew to Cairns for a bus ride to Port Douglas and a ride on a catamaran out to the Great Barrier Reef for some coral viewing. The experience and views were indescribable.

After enjoying an excursion by rail to Kuranda where we viewed a lush rain forest and twisting waterways, we boarded our flight to Brisbane and the Gold Coast. There we enjoyed walking on the beach and shopping before being met by Dr. John's son, Lach, and his daughter Britt, 4, for a trip to their beautiful home where we joined his wife Regitze, daughter Nina, 7, and Japanese exchange student Marco. We enjoyed quite a delightful afternoon with Lach and his family and hope they will visit with us in the United States.

The following day, Dr. John and Gwen drove from Toowoomba to pick us up—we would enjoy their company and hospitality during the next seven days. We were delighted to begin the week with a return visit to Lach and Regitze's home for morning tea. This is a practice that would spoil us over the next week—morning and afternoon tea.

After tea we journeyed on to Toowoomba, where our first impression was of Dr. John's and Gwen's beautiful gardens. Although I knew they both liked to garden, we had heard of the six year drought in the area and were not prepared to see the beauty there. They had the most perfect roses I have ever seen. A morning and evening stroll in their garden became a very pleasant part of our day.

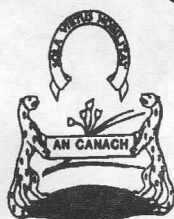
We met their dog, Jesse, who is very much a part of their family. Jesse was a bit jealous and it took a lot of doing to try to get accepted by her. She was sure that we were consuming too much of Gwen's time and she never really got quite used to that. Gwen had arranged for Ann to

We saw some of the most beautiful sights in the world and enjoyed the hospitality of some dear friends. We will cherish our memories forever.

An Canach

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An Canach is the Official Newsletter of the Clan Henderson Society. It is published quarterly to provide information about Clan Members, Scottish Culture, Attire, Music, Food, Upcoming Events, and our Genealogy. Published on three continents, it is the expression of life in Clan Henderson as maintained by your contribution of articles, information, and ideas. Please submit your material at anytime. Our address list is maintained by the Clan Secretary and changes should be submitted directly. ©Copyright 1996, Clan Henderson Society of the U.S. and Canada. All rights reserved.

attend an outdoor garden tea that was hosted by a friend of Gwen's and was a benefit for Muscular Dystrophy. We were surrounded by many different flowers in bloom and as we listened to a lecture by a man from a nursery. Ann was fascinated by the ladies' pretty hats. Toowoomba has great gift shops where we found items for friends and family back home.

One evening Dr. John and Gwen invited some of their friends and Dr. John's sister, Mary Henderson Brice to dinner. Mary is a poet and author. She gave us a copy of her book, *Where Curlews Cry*.

Mary has been writing since she won a children's competition when she was twelve years old. Mary's work ranges from memories of her childhood in far western Queensland, to contemporary tales in varied settings in Australia and overseas. She is a very delightful lady and we felt privileged to be able to meet and enjoy an evening with her.

Dr. John also gave us a copy of her book for the library in Moultrie. You will enjoy the book and at the same time learn more of our Chief's earlier years.

We met many of Dr. John and Gwen's friends and neighbors. We had cocktails at the MacKenzies across the street and enjoyed meeting some of their other neighbors. The MacKenzies are in the manufacturing business and invited us to the their facility to see the process of making insulation and carpet pads from wool. We enjoyed the tour. It was nice of them to take the time out of their busy day to accommodate us, yet so typical of the people of Australia.

Dr. John and Gwen drove us out through the country to the Miles Museum, an early Australian village. Enroute we enjoyed a roadside morning tea and, at the museum, a picnic lunch that was prepared by Gwen. It was a long drive but very relaxing and interesting for us to hear of their experiences in the part of the country where Dr. John and Gwen had been property owners in years past.

I had the pleasure of attending the Saint Andrews Day Dinner in Toowoomba as a guest of Dr. John and had the honor of sitting at the head table. I was given the opportunity to

address the group. Attending the event also was Sandy McPhie, Commander of Clan MacFie. Sandy is a resident of Toowoomba and had just returned from the United States, having attended the Stone Mountain Games. He advised me that Clan Henderson had won the trophy for Clan Spirit at the Stone Mountain Games. You cannot imagine how proud that made me feel. It was a very congenial group and I was made to feel most welcome.

The end of the week was near and Dr. John and Gwen had planned for us to stay at Dr. John's Club in Brisbane. When we first arrived there, we visited Mt. Coot-tha look-out where we had a view of the city, enjoyed an excellent lunch at an outdoor cafe, and went for a walk in the Botanical Gardens. The Club was in the center of the city in a very nice old, beautifully furnished building. We had a corner room looking out at Jacaranda trees in full bloom.

Alistair came over in the early afternoon and took Ann and I on an extensive sight seeing trip around Brisbane. We returned in the late afternoon for a bit of rest before joining Dr. John and Gwen for an excellent dinner; Alistair had returned home for Barbara and joined us also. The next morning we were up early for breakfast, then we drove over to Ann and Bill's home for morning tea. Ann is Dr. John and Gwen's daughter. They have a lovely home in the city and have three children, Alice 13, Sam 10, and Ben 4. They do a lot of gardening also but their garden is not as extensive nor as mature as Dr. John and Gwen's, but they are well on the way to creating a beautiful landscape.

We said good-bye to Ann and Bill as we returned to the club briefly before going on to David and Judith Henderson's home where 23 members of the family gathered for a barbecue. David is Dr. John's cousin. He and Judith are the parents of Katie Henderson who spent some time with us a couple of years back. The weather was perfect and so was the food. Judith is a gourmet cook and a teacher of cooking. They have a beautiful home and they were able



Dr. John and Gwen Henderson at home in Australia.

to accommodate everyone comfortably. We able to become very well acquainted with everyone, so it was natural for us to invite everyone to come for a visit with us and I'm hopeful they took our invitation seriously. It was a wonderful afternoon and the perfect ending to one of the most memorable weeks of our life.

On our final day in Australia, we ate breakfast with Dr. John and Gwen, then said our good-byes. Our trip back to the United States was very long. In four weeks we had seen some of the most beautiful sights in the world and enjoyed the hospitality of some dear friends. We will cherish our memories forever.



Dr. John and Ann at a nursery in Toowoomba.

The Bells

by Neil Henderson

Hogmanay, the traditional Scottish night of "first-footing," provides a backdrop for this original tale.

December 31, 1938, and a real cold, Glasgow morning it was. The kind of morn you wished you weren't out in. But Andy Cameron didn't seem to mind it as he sat in the tramcar trundling down Shettleston Road, away from the huge, sprawling Parkhead Forge. It was Saturday. Best of all it was Hogmanay!

He was surrounded by his fellow back-shift workers, who sat or stood in their oily dungarees chatting, joking and puffing away at their cigarettes. They all worked at the Forge. Andy was an apprentice turner, helping to rifle the barrels of the huge twelve inch guns for the Navy's battleships. Released from their heavy toil, the men were heading for home, eager to prepare to greet the new year.

Andy hunched his burly frame over his packet of Woodbines and lit one, savouring the warmth from its glowing tip as he cupped it in his grimy hands. He turned to his best friend, Hugh McCallum, who, with his curly black hair and dark, handsome features, sat against the window, idly gazing out at the hunched and bundled-up people hurrying along the cold, windswept road. "Noo, dinna forget, Hughie, You're oor first foot the night, so be on time. Ye ken what my faither's like on Ne'erday. He'll have a heart attack if ye miss the Bells! Have ye got your bottle?"

"Ye better believe it, Andy! I've had it for a month noo and I can tell ye I've had a hard time keeping my hauns off it! And dinna worry! I'll be on time, so your faither can keep his shirt on!"

"Great, Hughie! I've got to get off here. I'm going to the baths. See you later, then."

"The first one this year, is it?" teased Hugh.

"One more than you've had, you nutter!" grinned Andy as he stood up and pushed his way along the crowded aisle to the exit.

Nessie Cameron was dead tired.

She'd been up the morn since five-thirty to take the week's washing to the steamie first thing. She thought she'd'd beat the crowd and get the drying and folding done early. It wasn't a big load for she had already been there on Monday. But this was a special occasion and, as she had told her husband, Tam, "I'll no' be having any dirty clothes in my hoose on Hogmanay!"

"Aye, your right there, lass," said Tam, sleepily. "Here, I'll help you doon the stairs with your basket. Oh, and no' too much starch in my white shirt!"

"Awa, or I'll skite your face, you baldy-headed auld blether!" laughed Nessie, as she stooped to pick up one end of the basket. In all the thirty years of their marriage Tam had never stopped being amazed at how pretty, clean, and tidy his Nessie always looked, with her fresh complexion, blue eyes, trim figure and starched apron. "Dinna bother, hen. I'll take it doon for you." With a grunt he picked up the basket himself.

Home at last from the steamie, Nessie put two irons on the fire and set up her ironing board. In no time at all she had the pile of ironing demolished, humming and singing away to herself as she did so. Tam, sitting in the easy chair by the fire, looked up from his newspaper and said, "You're in fine voice, lass. Ye'll be giving us a song the night after the Bells?"

"I'd feel mair like singing if our Ian could be with us the night."

"That's no' likely, lass. He was just conscripted a month ago, so he's no' due for leave from the army — no' for a wee while, anyway."

"Oh, I ken, but it's a shame!"

"Aye, it is, but it canna be helped, lass."

Andy will be home any time now, thought Nessie, so she set about preparing his lunch. She stuck a meat pie in the oven and heated up some peas. Andy loved peas, especially

with vinegar. She had just set a place at the table when she heard the front door opening and in walked Andy. "Smells awfy good, Maw. I'm famished—I'm in a hurry too! I told Betty I'd take her dancing this afternoon — to the Locarno — and I'm late already!"

"Dinna fash yourself, son," said his mother, "Sit ye down and take your time. The lassie'll no' mind waiting for ye."

Tam chimed in, "Och/ I'm no' so sure! That wee, blonde bombshell would hae another laddie in a minute!"

Andy paid no attention. He was busy wolfing down his pie and peas and he was finished, changed and out the door before you could say, "Bob's your uncle!" As his good-byes came from beyond the door Nessie sighed, "That boy will end up wi' ulcers!" Nodding in agreement, Tam stood up and, putting on his jacket, headed for the door, "I'm away out myself, too — for a wee while, lass."

"Now, don't ye dare get fu', Tam!"

"Ye ken me, Nessie. In and oot. Sober as a judge!"

With Tam and Andy gone, Nessie put on the kettle to make a wee cup of tea for herself and settled down to enjoy a bit of peace and quiet before setting the table for the night's festivities. She was just about to sit down when a knock sounded at the door and a voice enquired, "Are ye there, Nessie?"

"Oh, it's yourself, Mrs. Dalgliesh, come away ben. Sarah, and join me in a wee cup o' tea."

"Och, I just popped in to tell you about Mrs. Dougan—"

"Oh!- Aye?"

Both heads were soon together in conspiratorial whispering.

"Aye, well don't forget, Sarah," finished Nessie as she led her cheerful, buxom wee friend to the door. "You and John come over before the Bells. Ye ken what Tam's like!"

"We woudna miss it— no' for the world!"

Alone at last, Nessie began laying out the table. First she laid down her good Irish linen tablecloth, the one she had gotten from her aunt Mary for her twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. She had plates of sliced boiled bacon, pickles, bread and butter, currant-cake, shortbread, bottles of ginger wine and an assortment of wee cream cakes from McBride the baker's; a big crystal bowl full of walnuts, hazelnuts and almonds with the silver nutcracker her mother had given her many years ago. Each item had its precise place upon the table.

On the sideboard she placed a bottle of Black and White whisky, a bottle of Johnny Walker Red Label and a dozen bottles of beer. She polished a whole slew of glasses and lined them up in neat sparkling rows beside the refreshments. She then got out two large china teapots and their cozies and placed them on the table. Next she filled the big iron kettle and put it on the stove, to make tea later on.

Nessie stood back to admire her handiwork. With a little satisfied smile, she thought, Good! That lot should hold the hungry horde — for a wee while, at least!

All was quiet in the warm, comfortable Cameron kitchen but there was an air of expectancy in the air. Tam and Nessie sat opposite each other in their big easy chairs in front of the cheerful fire crackling and popping away in the grate. The festive table and sideboard sat in silent testimony to Nessie's diligence. Tam fidgeted with the evening newspaper and looked anxiously at the ornate, marble and brass clock sitting on the mantelpiece.

"I dinna understand it, Nessie! It's five tae twelve and nobody's shown up yet!"

"Och, dinna worry, Tam, folk hae things to do on Hogmanay, so they're bound to be a wee bit late!"

"I ken that. But if they don't hurry up they'll a' be late for the Bells!"

At that moment, from down the street, the faint sound of St. Thomas's Church bells ringing out

the midnight count came through the window. "This is terrible!" groaned Tam. As he spoke a loud knock sounded on the front door. Tam had it open in a second and Hugh burst past him into the kitchen shouting, "Happy Hogmanay!" In his arms was a bottle of whisky, a currant bun and a big lump of coal. "Here ye are! May the Camerons hae food and drink and a warm hoose a' year long!" No sooner had he the words out of his mouth when Sarah and John, laughing, came through the door, with John squeezing from his accordion the lilting tune of 'Scotland the Brave.' He was followed immediately by Andy and his girlfriend, Betty, both jigging to the joyful music and carrying a large shopping bag full of buns and bottles. Tam's face was lit up like a Christmas tree and Nessie was beaming fit to bust.

They were all prancing around the kitchen hugging and wishing each other, 'A' the best!', when suddenly, a loud shout came from the open door. "Hello, everybody! Happy Ne'erday!"

Everyone turned to look. In the doorway stood a grinning, handsome soldier with his arms outstretched. "Oh! It's Ian!" cried Nessie and rushed to hug her son. Tam was right behind her, followed by Andy. In the middle of his embrace, Tam said, with joy and concern in his voice, "We're awfy glad tae see yer son, but I hope ye're no' AWOL!"

"Naw!" laughed Ian, "I was on guard duty last night and was chosen stick man, so the C.O. gave me a forty-eight hour pass and here I am!"

"Come on, everybody!" shouted Tam, "Join hands! John, you get cracking and gi'e us 'Auld Lang Syne'!" As the familiar, haunting song, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot' resounded from the kitchen walls Nessie looked lovingly at her two sons. With tear-filled eyes, she held her husband close and said to him above the merry din, "Oh, Tam, this is the best Hogmanay I've ever had!"



Happenings

100th Birthday for Willie Myrtis Henderson Brown

by Lee Henderson Peacock

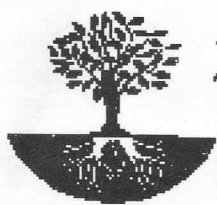
A reception and reunion was held at the Westwood Country Club, Austin, Texas for Willie Myrtis Henderson Brown who was 100 years old on the 30th day of September 1995. She was born in Camp Hill, Tallapoosa County, Alabama, to William Tilman and Martha Adeline (Archer) Henderson. The family moved to Milam County Texas in 1897 in the Ben Arnold area. In December 1900 they moved to De Leon, Comanche Co. Texas and there she met and married George Sterling Brown on 25 October 1914. He passed away in 1967. Four children, 2 sons and 2 daughters, were born to this union. The sons have passed away and the daughters are Mrs. Gordon Pence of Plano, Texas, and Miss Faye Brown of Austin, who still cares for her mother in their home. Mrs. Brown is still very alert, loves to talk and loves company. Other than a part time helper in the morning while her daughter works, she stays by herself. She thoroughly enjoyed the reception and told us she hated for the day to be over as we would all go home and she would be so lonesome. She is a lovely lady and has always been the favorite of all the neices and nephews. She is the last of her family of 9 children. 102 guests signed the guest book.



Editor's Correction:

The article by Rex Maddox about the Henderson family reunion in Bennet, Nebraska in the October issue inadvertently left out a portion of a line which should have read: "They are: Thaylia Hill Irons of Hart, Texas; Rosemary Miller of Lincoln, Nebraska; Janet Parsons of Aurora, Colorado and Marcia Parsons Janssen of Volga, South Dakota."

She is a lovely lady and has always been the favorite of all the neices and nephews.



Henderson roots & twigs

by Dr. Horace Loftin, FSA Scot

Dear Cousins:

A genealogist is a sort of historian; so it should be no surprise to find me looking at ancient Clan history in old issues of *An Canach*. Gazing back in time, the December 1989 issue to be exact, my eyes just happened to fall on the genealogical column — called “Pedigree” back then. Here’s what I wrote in that distant past of six years ago:

“There has been a mighty clamor of Hendersons rushing to join Clan Henderson. We are over 130 member/families strong.... The Clan now has a sizeable and growing set of archives. It contains 34 distinct Henderson genealogies, plus all the detailed-filled family group sheets that these pedigrees are based on.”

All of that is truly ancient history. Today, January 1996, Clan Henderson has more than 1300 member/families on its rolls! We have grown by a multiple of ten since 1989. Indeed, we are the fastest growing Clan Society in the whole Scottish-American movement. (Once you start looking, it seems that Hendersons are everywhere! FYI, Henderson is said to be the 17th most common name in Scotland — and Smith is first, would you believe it?)

Our Clan computer now has some 300 different Henderson lineages on its overflowing hard drive, thanks to the family histories submitted by our members. My bookshelf contains ten feet of Henderson genealogies and their supporting documents. A copy of every scrap of paper in this Henderson genealogical treasure goes on file in the Henderson Collection at the Odom Genealogical Library.

In practical terms this means we have become more and more successful at helping our Clansmen to find their Henderson roots. What

used to surprise me is now a regular thing: I am able to graft a new member’s genealogy onto a large existing family tree in case after case. If your family ties go back into 17th or 18th century PA, VA, NC or SC, there is now about a 20 to 25 percent chance that our search will put you onto a lineage already in the Clan computer. With families arriving in the New World in the mid to late 1800’s and after, we’re not that good yet. And we have a way to go before we’re sharp on specific Scottish connections. Our data bases in these areas keep growing, and we’ll get there too.

Less tangible but perhaps ultimately more important, we have assembled a large body of knowledge about Henderson history and the major family lines in the New World. Sources of misinformation on Henderson lines have been identified and harmful errors made right. Puzzling connections have been resolved — or our growing cadre of Henderson genealogists are busy unraveling those knotty problems.

There would never have been this sharp focus on Henderson genealogy without a Clan Henderson Society. And, I can tell you that without the genealogical input of our Clansmen, there would have been nothing to focus on!

Now here comes the famous nagging! Probably one half of our member/families have submitted their family data, and all our successes are due to that genealogical information. What about the other half of our Clansmen? Every member/family should send in its family history — however meagre. There is a place reserved for you in the computer.

Those of you who are not “into” genealogy shouldn’t stand off, for we need your data. Even if no further back than granddad, please send me

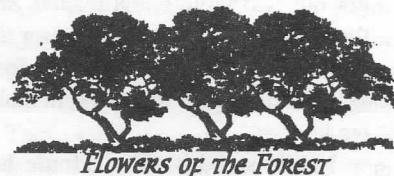
your family info (birth, marriage, and death dates and places). We need it!

And to those of you who are “into” family history, please don’t wait for “one more piece” of data before you send in your family material. Send what you have now. We all know that there is no perfect genealogy — nor is there ever an end to it!



MacStork

Mark and Tanya Henderson and older brother Colin welcome Derek Paul Henderson, born 10 November 1995. He weighed in at 7lbs 9 oz and was 19.5 inches. Mark is the printer of *An Canach*.



In memory of William E. Ranson Jr., a friend, a genealogist, a Henderson cousin and active participant with his granddaughters Meg and Courtney at Loch Norman games. Meg, Courtney and Bill (as he was called) enjoyed carrying the Henderson Tartan. Bill heard the call of the bag pipes and passed over the river on 11 November 1995.



Laura Leinhart Maddox, mother of Rex and Dexter Maddox, died on 2 December 1995. She was born in Norman, Nebraska, on 3 January 1903 and was currently living in Newport Beach, California. Her husband Robert L. Maddox died in 1993.

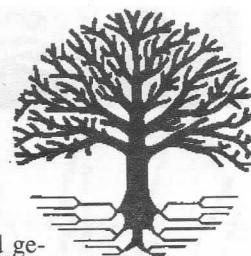


Mary F. Parrish, mother of Toby Parrish, our first clan society president, died on 7 December. She was 89 years old and lived in Bell Buckle, Tennessee. Toby’s father, Walter Sr. had passed away in 1994.

One half of our member/families have submitted their family data, and all our successes are due to that genealogical information.

Climbing Your Family Tree

Courtesy of the
National Genealogical Society



Have you ever climbed a tree and sat enjoying the view? Well, get ready to climb; only this tree—and the view from it—will be the most fascinating you've ever seen. Your family will want to climb the tree someday, too, so it's important to carefully record your findings in a permanent place for everyone to enjoy long after you have become their ancestor. Linking generations, setting each in its unique historical perspective, brings them to life again for everyone. Through you, your children will look into eyes that are very like their own.

Looking around you....

Begin at home. Personal knowledge can form the first limbs of your family tree. First, make a simple chart, beginning with you, your parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents. Search for birth, marriage, and death certificates, and other documents that might provide names, dates, and locations. Then look at Bible records, old letters, photographs and family memorabilia. Label everything you recognize. Now you are well on your way to forming the branches of your family tree—and it will begin to bud. Contact family members to ask questions about their lives and those of other family members. Where did they live—what part of the country—what kind of dwelling? Did they move around while growing up? When were their relatives born; when did they die? Take along some of the old photos and attic treasures to jog their memories. And be sure to ask if you may see their old family records, letters, and memorabilia that might help you expand your search. Listen to family stories and make notes. Family members often have different versions of the same story since each person remembers an event in his or her unique way, but these differences make it interesting! Share what you already know with them. Use a tape recorder if your relative feels comfortable with it,

and make your initial visits short with someone you are just getting to know.

Recording your information....

After collecting family information, it is important to record it correctly on forms referred to as family group sheets and pedigree charts. Be sure to indicate a source for each fact and then file families in separate groups organized so that you can locate each individual in an ever-expanding collection. Include old photos (of people, homes, and cemetery markers) and record stories, both those you heard as a child and those your family members tell you. To learn more, you may purchase the "NGS Beginner's Kit" that includes the booklet, Instructions for Beginners in Genealogy, and a small supply of pedigree charts and family group sheets. This kit will help you get started and develop good record-keeping habits. It is available from the National Genealogical Society (NGS) Education Department.

Looking for local information....

Visit your local library to search for historical or genealogical publications. Read family and geographical histories of the areas where your relatives lived. These sources might mention surnames of interest to you. Remember that you may find family names spelled in different ways. Purchase "how-to" books that will explain research techniques and sources. Look in the telephone directory for a genealogical society in your area. Such societies often sponsor genealogical lectures and seminars, and joining one can expand your opportunities to meet other researchers and begin to network. Then consider taking classes at your local college or adult education facility. Visit your local courthouse to discover a repository of wills, deeds, and marriage records. Inquire about how these documents are recorded, arranged, and indexed.

Broadening your research....

Visit county courthouses and genealogical libraries in areas where your ancestors lived. While there, check area newspapers for obituaries, always a rich source of details, and visit local churches to review christening, birth, marriage, and death records. Locate names and addresses of state libraries or archives that might have state census records, war records, etc., which might provide additional family information. Then plan to write or visit these repositories to learn more about their holdings and services. The National Archives in Washington, D.C., maintains 1790-1920 census records, military, pension, passenger and ship arrivals, and many more record sources. In addition to the Archives in Washington, the United States has twelve regional archives.

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*It's important
to carefully
record your
findings in a
permanent
place*

Hendersons in History

Hendersons in Mecklenburg County, N.C.

by L. D. Bass Jr.

Although the exact date of the first Henderson family in the area is not known, it is my opinion that most of them settled in Rowan and Mecklenburg Counties between 1750 and 1760.

Most early Henderson family settlers came from Pennsylvania where in 1701 the population was 6,000 and by 1750 had grown to 250,000. Gabriel Johnston was appointed Governor of North Carolina from 1734 to 1752, and, being of Scottish descent, he actively encouraged his fellow countrymen to come to North Carolina. For this, charges were brought against him for bringing too many rebel Scotsmen to North Carolina. In 1736, Henry McCulloch, who was of Scots-Irish descent, was granted 64,000 acres in North Carolina, and to these lands came approximately 3,000 to 4,000 of McCulloch's fellow countrymen.

No doubt, some of these earlier Hendersons in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina may have settled for a period of time in Beverley Manor and in the area around Tinkling Springs in the northern part of the Shenandoah Valley and further south in Timber Ridge in the lower part of the Shenandoah Valley.

There were three main routes used by the settlers coming to the Mecklenburg County area. By far, most of the settlers used the "Great Wagon Road" that ran from Pennsylvania down the Shenandoah Valley into North Carolina.

The first town between the Yadkin and Catawba Rivers was Salisbury, North Carolina, in Rowan County. The majority of the Henderson families settled in the area of Davidson Creek, near the present town of Davidson in Mecklenburg County and southward as far as the present town of Rock Hill, South Carolina.

A second route came down from Virginia into North Carolina through Granville County, where many early Henderson families

are found; especially the families of Judge Richard Henderson and Archibald Henderson.

Richard and Archibald Henderson lived in Salisbury, North Carolina, and owned land around the present Cowan's Ford Dam.

The third route was from Charleston, South Carolina, and followed the Pee Dee and Catawba Rivers to Mecklenburg County. To my knowledge, no Henderson families used the Pee Dee and Catawba River route.

Bladen County, North Carolina, covered all the area west to the Mississippi River and a large area of South Carolina as well. In 1748, Anson County, North Carolina, was formed from Bladen County. Rapid growth continued and in 1752 Rowan County was formed from a part of Anson County. It is reported that by 1755, 12,000 settlers were coming down the "Great Wagon Road" each year.

In 1762, Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, was formed to be followed by Tryon County (no longer in existence), Lincoln County and Gaston County, North Carolina, and York County, South Carolina, were later formed from Mecklenburg County. It is easy to see why it can be confusing tracing the deeds and wills in this area, for a family could have lived in one spot and been a resident of all of these counties at one time. An example will be seen later in recounting Nathaniel Henderson's family.

The earliest white settlers in Mecklenburg County—then part of Anson County—settled between 1748 and 1750. Although the exact date of the first Henderson family in the area is not known, it is my opinion that most of them settled in Rowan and Mecklenburg Counties between 1750 and 1760.

The writer has taken the liberty to number the following early families for identification purposes only. 1) Cairns Henderson, 2) James Henderson, 3) John Henderson, 4) John Henderson, 5) Nathaniel Henderson, 6) Robert Henderson, 7) Samuel Henderson, 8) Dr. Thomas Henderson, 9)

William Henderson, and 10) William Henderson.

1) **Cairns** (also spelled Kearns and Carnes) **Henderson** was the son of William Henderson and a Miss Kearns of Fordell, Fifeshire, Scotland. A marriage license from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, dated 17 November 1749 shows he married Elizabeth Robinson, who was the daughter of Andrew Robinson and Agnes Boal of Londonderry Township, Pennsylvania.

In 1762, deed records show Cairns obtaining land in Mecklenburg County (this is the year the county was formed and his acquisition was adjacent to some land he already owned. In my opinion, he was living in present Mecklenburg County, no later than 1755, since he was a founder and elder of Sugaw Creek Presbyterian Church, the oldest church in Mecklenburg County, and established in 1755. Both Cairns and Elizabeth Henderson are buried in Sugaw Creek Cemetery # 1. David Robinson, founder and elder of Sugaw Creek Church, is also buried there and Robinson's daughter Elizabeth married Cairns' second son Andrew Henderson in 1780.

Cairns was born 25 April 1724 in Scotland and died 25 May 1793 in Mecklenburg County. He married Elizabeth Robinson on 17 November 1749 in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Their children included Michael, Andrew, Thomas, John, James, Margaret, Carnes, and Agnes.

There were several John Henderson's in this area during this time period and more research is needed here.

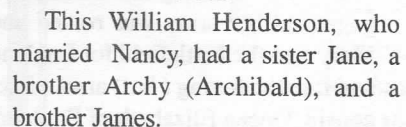
From Col. Osborne's militia records we know that 3) **John Henderson** was on the muster rolls in October 1759 in an area several miles northeast of Davidson, North Carolina, and he was not on the rolls in October 1760. Was he killed by Indians at home or killed in the expedition

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Eleanor Springs, Nathaniel's sec-

9) **William Henderson** in his will of 20 November 1794, mentions he was late of Botetourt County, Virginia, and the son of Alexander Henderson. In this will his brothers





The Henderson Bard

by Neil Henderson

August 1995

A Glasgow Wedding.

A beautiful day for the wedding it was. The sun was high in the sky and the temperature was up in the eighties. The women looked charming and lovely in their wide hats and pastel dresses and the men proud and handsome in their kilts and charlie jackets

American Airlines Flight 52 from Chicago hit the Glasgow Airport runway with a jarring, screeching thump. My wife and I had landed in Scotland with a bang! But we were undaunted, for the weather was beautiful, warm and sunny, with white clouds in a blue sky and the faint skirl of the pipes coming from the International Terminal. My brother, Donald, and his wife, Moira, were there to greet us and we were on our way to their son's wedding.

Well, not exactly on our way to the wedding, although that was the purpose of our trip. The wedding was to take place on 1 July and this was only 27 June, but we had a lot to do. For one thing, we had to get settled into our hotel in East Kilbride, visit a bunch of other relatives and pick up our daughters, Linda and Diane, who were coming over on the 29th, specifically for the wedding. By the time we did all this it was 1 July anyway!

And a beautiful day for the wedding it was. The sun was high in the sky and the temperature was up in the eighties. The women looked charming and lovely in their wide hats and pastel dresses and the men proud and handsome in their kilts and charlie jackets, as we all gathered outside St. Helen's Church, on Battlefield Road in Langside, Glasgow. It was on this very site, in 1568, that Mary Queen of Scots, after her daring escape from Loch Leven Castle, joined her royal army, under the command of the fifth Duke of Argyle, to do battle with the Protestant army of the Congregation of Christ, led by the redoubtable Earl of Moray. After a long and bloody engagement her army was routed and Mary fled the battlefield for England and into the loving (ha!) arms of her cousin, Queen Elizabeth of England, leaving what was left of her army to the tender mercies of Moray.

But we cared not this day for ancient quarrels. We were here for the wedding of Miss Catherine Jane Bisset to her beloved Doctor Alan John Henderson. Katie, as every one called her, preceded her two pretty bridesmaids down the aisle. She looked radiant in her long-trained, gorgeous, white wedding gown as, on the arm of her proud father Pat, she came to the altar, where stood Alan, resplendent in his green Prince Charles jacket and kilt of ancient Henderson Tartan. I had been given the singular honour of reading the lesson from the scriptures, "Saint Paul's first letter to the Corinthians", which I did with pounding heart. Then here, before the Monsignor, Catherine and Alan solemnly pledged their Troth eternal and Falty undying, each to the other, till death did them part.

Then it was out into the sunshine for chatting and laughter, pictures, kisses and congratulations and into buses and cars, to follow the wedding party in their shining, maroon-colored Daimler, bedecked with flying white satin ribbons, for the short journey to the reception in the Westpoint Hotel in East Kilbride. To our delight we were greeted by a strapping piper, his busy hands merrily fingering lilting highland melodies.

After a wee refreshment in the reception hall we all made our way into the dining room and looked for our place cards. We had barely sat down, and made ourselves known to those we had not already met, when the Master of Ceremonies, a tall, hefty man clad in a crimson swallow-tailed coat and white bow tie, hammered away at the head table with a gavel and bade us all stand for the entrance of the wedding party. They entered in stately procession, led by the piper to the tune of "Scotland the Brave." Another bang with the gavel and we were permitted to sit.

A delicious five course dinner was served, each course accompanied by an appropriate vintage, consumed with relish and joy amid merry conversation. After dinner came the ceilidh band with fiddle, guitar, keyboard, accordion and drums and we wheeled away the rest of the night to eightsome reels, stately waltzes, the "Gay Gordons" and the wild "Strip the Willow."

During a pause, between dances but mainly to catch my breath, I chatted for a while with Alan's brother, Scott and his wife, Mairi (whose wedding on the Isle of Skye I wrote about in the Autumn 1992 An Canach). Scott told me that since then they have enlarged and modernized their house in Glasnakille, Elgol and are quite active in the community. In April there, Mairi presented him with a bonnie wee boy named, Dohliain (pronounced Doleen); he was over in a corner of the hall in his buggy cooing away to himself in Gaelic — I think, (his mother and grandmother Katie Mary, talk to him a lot). This wee lad will be bilingual, no doubt about it! Scott spends a lot of time fishing for lobster with his good friend, the colonel, and in his spare time he is building a thirty foot boat. Probably to take his darlin' chiel lobster fishing when he grows up. By then the boat should be finished.

Finally, in the wee sma' 'oors, the festivities came to an end. With fond farewells, Alan and Katie, who had cleeked and whirled with the best of them all evening, took their leave. They were heading for Canada and their honeymoon. We wished them all the best with a rollicking "Auld Lang Syne," and headed wearily for the comfort of our pillow.

But, there's no rest for the wicked. Jean and I were up bright and early (though not too early) to take Linda and Diane into Robert Burn's country, to pay homage to

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their dad's hero. Our first stop was in Ayr, at Debenham's, for a cup of tea and a biscuit and the purchase of a few souvenirs. Then it was on to Alloway where we spent some time in Burn's cottage and the museum. What a thrill it was to see the songs and poems I had known since childhood lying there, before my eyes, in the Bard's very own handwriting, looking as if they had just now been penned, instead of over two hundred years ago!

We left the cottage and headed for Culzean Castle, passing the Auld Kirk and the Doon Brig of "Tam o' Shanter" fame. Had we been a day later we would have seen Queen Elizabeth II, who was arriving to open the new "Tam o' Shanter" exhibit, but we could not tarry. Passing the road to Souter Johnnie's cottage (he was a dear friend and erstwhile drinking companion of Robert Burns) we arrived at the magnificent Culzean Castle, built in 1777 on the site of the old Coif castle and the ancient home of the Kennedy's, Earls of Cassilis. As we stood on the castle wall on the top of a high cliff, with the ocean crashing over the rocks below us, far away over the sea to the south east we could see that other land of Celts and Kennedys — Ireland.

At the top of one of the towers in Culzean Castle there is a suite of rooms known as the Eisenhower Suite. It was gifted to General Eisenhower at the end of WW II by the grateful people of Great Britain for his use during his lifetime. Today, if you are vacationing in the area, you may rent the Eisenhower Suite for a few days- though I'm not sure if they take Visa.

After a stroll through the lovely, perfumed castle gardens, with their ornamental ponds, manicured lawns and cool fountains, we headed just a few minutes down the road to the quiet little harbour at Maidens, once a haven for smugglers of silk and wine from France in the days of Robert Burns.

Our dear old friends, Tommy and Cathie Feenan, (Tommy was our best man) have a vacation home there, on a bluff overlooking the harbour, so we visited with them for a while. They hadn't seen Linda and Diane since they were babies so you may imagine how thrilled they all were to see each other again. From their living room window Tommy and Cathie have a wonderful view, out over the harbour and the glistening waters of Maidenhead Bay, to the Isle of Arran in one direction and



L to R: Allistair Cameron, Jean Henderson, Mairi Henderson, Scott Henderson, Moira Henderson, Dr. Alan Henderson Ph.D., Catherine Henderson, Master Dolian Henderson, Donald Henderson, Ann Cameron, Diane Malinowski, Neil Henderson, Linda Obrochta. Taken at; Stakis Westpoint Hotel, East Kilbride, Scotland. 1 July 1995.

over to the famed Turnberry Golf Course and Turnberry Castle (birthplace of Robert the Bruce) in the other. Though it was late in the evening it was still bright daylight when we made our good-byes and drove back to East Kilbride and that friendly pillow! It had been a long and memorable day but we loved every minute of it. And so it was with the rest of our stay in Bonnie Scotland.

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We are very thankful for the many donations that we receive. We have been able to maintain our existing dues structure at the same level because of the generosity of those who can make a donation.

Mark Henderson, our printer makes a major donation everytime An Canach goes to press. Without his support, An Canach would not be the quality newsletter that it is.

Each member of the Clan who convenes a Gathering is also making a major contribution to the well-being of Clan Henderson—they deserve your local support.

Minutes of the Annual Meeting

Clan Henderson Society of the United States and Canada

Clan Meeting Tent, Stone Mountain Highland Games

Stone Mountain, Georgia 22 October 1995

Vice President Danny Henderson opened the meeting at 1:00 p.m. by welcoming the membership.

Danny introduced the members of the Executive Board who were present: Danny Henderson, Vice President and Presiding Officer; David Henderson, Vice President-General Counsel; Harry Keifer, Secretary; Horace Loftin, Clan Genealogist; Rex Maddox, Head of the Body Guard; Warren Henderson, Quartermaster; George Henderson, Commissioner, Southeastern Region; and Tom Henderson, Commissioner, Mid South Region.

It was noted that High Commissioner Claude and Ann Henderson were in Australia enjoying a visit with the Chief's family; President Russ and Judy Henderson were in Finland enjoying a visit with their Finnish exchange kids' families; and Clan Piper Kyle and Susan were hard at work at Cambridge, England.



Vice President David S. Henderson receives the Clan Spirit award at Stone Mountain.

The members of the executive board then presented the status of the society in 1995.

1. LETTER FROM President Russ reviewed:

a. We hope that holding the AGM in various sites will be successful. This AGM is our first one at Stone Mountain. The 1996 AGM will be at Estes Park, Colorado during the Long's Peak Highland Games, 6-8 September 1996.

b. Membership Certificates are available for all members. New members receive their certificates in their welcome packet. Members who have belonged for some time and wish to have a certificate must request it by writing to the Secretary, Harry Keifer.

c. Recognition of Clan Members was discussed. Nominations for the Chief's Order (Individuals who have made a great contribution to the Clan) and Chief's Prize (An individual who has made a major contribution to the future of the Clan) may be made by any member of the Society. These nominations are sent through the Regional Commissioner who adds comments and forwards them to the President. The Chief's Youth Award is for young Hendersons who are studying Scottish arts and culture. The Youth Award process begins with a letter of application from the individual which is sent through the Regional Commissioner for review and endorsement. The commissioner forwards the application and recommendation to the president like the other recommendations.

d. The Glencoe memorialization project was reviewed. A letter from the U.K. Commissioner Major James Henderson-Laird was read. It provided the opportunity to help the U.K. Clan Henderson Society to pay for the work. A second letter was read asking for our Society's support in a worldwide plan to purchase Fordell Castle.

e. The Family Plan was discussed as a way to provide for alternative ways to have clan members to get together outside of the Highland Games setting.

f. Chieftain Claude Henderson was the Honored Guest and we were the Honored Clan at the Tidewater Games this year. We will have the honored spot at the Orlando Games on 20 January 1996 and are hoping for a large gathering of the clan at that event.

g. There are many additional opportunities for all of our membership to get involved. This coming year will be the perfect time for each family member to do so.

2. UPCOMING SCOTTISH activities were highlighted by various clan members. These events represent some other ways for each of us to get involved in our Scottish heritage. It was noted that as we each became involved a little bit we were making Clan Henderson stronger than it already was. Tom Henderson reported on several activities including his school visits.

3. THE HENDERSON root family project is continuing with information coming from many sources. David Rote's work will serve two purposes. The full story will become a part of the Convenors Handbook and published in booklet form for clan members.

4. CLAN MEMBERS recognized for their work in 1995 were acknowledged.

New Members of the Chief's Order are:

**Robert H. Henderson
Dr. Henry McCarl
Warren C. Henderson
BG Jefferson S. Henderson II
Harry Keifer**

The 1995 Chief's Prize was awarded to:

Ann Henderson

The Chief's Youth Award went to Highland dancer,

Kimberly Miles

5. REX MADDOX presented the financial report for the Treasurer.

Several issues were discussed including the importance of membership renewals and the need for an annual budget from each Commissioner.

Each officer must also address the cost of doing business so that a plan may be developed for operations.

Capital acquisition such as banners and sashes, as well as clan fees at Games, were discussed.

6. **HARRY KEIFER** reported that we have 1297 families as of 21 October 1995.

7. **CLAN GENEALOGIST** Horace Loftin presented a report on the status of our database.

8. **REX MADDOX** presented a report on the status of the Bodyguard. His newest appointments were Jeff Henderson III in South Pacific Region and Tony Martin in Southeastern Region.

Additional members are needed if the Bodyguard is to fulfill its mission.

Rex reminds Commissioners that candidates for the Bodyguard must be submitted to him for appointment.

9. **IN THE AREA** of Youth Activities, we are finding more young Hendersons are involved in Scottish activities or are interested in getting involved.

Youth Commissioner Deanna Weymuth requests each of us let our

Commissioners know of these young people and that she be told of their participation in events.

She wants to keep in touch and to make sure that we recognize their activities.

10. **DAVID REVIEWED** the Glencoe Project and the possibility of purchasing the Fordell Castle. There was a lively discussion both during and after the meeting. A form was made available for contributions to the Henderson Stone project.



Danny opened the floor to comments from the membership.

1. **HORACE LOFTIN** pointed out that the unique circumstance of having our High Commissioner as a member of the executive board was because he was the past president.

Horace recommended that the High Commissioner should hold an ex officio position on the executive board and he was supported in the recommendation by the membership.

2. **WARREN HENDERSON** made a motion that one-half of money made



"Clan Spirit" takes a Walkabout.

from the sale of Henderson goods should remain in the area where the sales are made. The motion was seconded by Tony Martin.

The Quartermaster gave his report.

The meeting was adjourned at 2:15 p.m., 21 October 1995.

Respectfully submitted,

Harry J. Keifer
Secretary

[The two issues presented during the open session will be presented to the executive board for action.]

Important Information for 1996 Annual General Meeting 6-8 September in Estes Park, CO

by Bob Henderson

In 1996, the first Annual General Meeting to be held in the west, will be at Estes Park, CO, the weekend after Labor Day. It will be held in conjunction with the LONGS PEAK SCOTTISH HIGHLAND FESTIVAL, one of the top five Scottish events in the United States.

This will be a wonderful opportunity for you to attend this outstanding Festival, the Clan's AGM, and to do a bit of sight-seeing in beautiful Colorado. The entrance to Rocky Mountain National Park is just four miles from Estes Park.

Plan now to attend. Our headquarters hotel is: Nicky's Resort (only 2 miles from the games site), 1350 West US 34, Estes Park, CO 80517. (Telephone: 1-800-323-0031) A block of rooms (each with one queen size bed for two persons) have been set aside for Clan Henderson members but need to be booked before March 31, 1996. Upgrades to two double beds or a two bedroom suite etc., can be discussed with resort when you call in your reservation.

On Saturday the group will gather in the private meeting room at Nicky's for a social hour (5:30-6:55 p.m.) and then a sit down dinner in the Resort Dining Room at 7 p.m. Cost of the dinner portion is \$20 per person (including tax and gratuity). Entree choices include prime rib, chicken cordon bleu, and baked halibut steak. Reservations for the dinner must be made with Bob Henderson

by 28 August. (Call (907) 633-3773 or write 2730 El Rancho Dr, Loveland, CO, 80538) Specify your choice of entree.

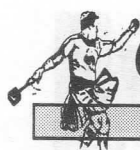
You need to plan now to attend! Estes Park is a small resort community and the 30,000+ people attending tax the accommodations. If you plan to attend, you must make any hotel/motel reservation early (April at the latest) or you may be forced to seek accommodations in Loveland or Ft. Collins and have a 34-50 mile commute.

Be aware that this is the West and public transportation is almost non existent. A car is essential if you plan to visit scenic or historical locations. There are shuttle busses from the airport to Estes Park and, on Saturday and Sunday, there will be shuttle buses from downtown to the fairgrounds and back, but they are very crowded and run irregularly.

March with us in the Parade through Estes Park. To march you must be in Highland Dress or wearing a swatch of our tartan. Highland Dress is encouraged for all events. Since Estes Park is at 7500 feet above sea level, a sweater or jacket for the evening Tattoo is recommended.

Details about an AGM packet will be in the next An Canach.

South West Region will host the 1996 AGM in Estes Park. It is a small town and you must make your decision now to attend! Call Bob Henderson if you need more info.



Games, Festivals, and Gatherings

Northeastern Region

King Alfred's Faire

by Paul Roy Henderson

The King Alfred's Faire was held on 11 September 1995 on the Alfred Commons of Alfred University. It was in fact, more of a Renaissance fair than anything else, but we, the Scotia, overshadowed everybody else.

I went with the idea of scouting, plain old reconnaissance if you will, to see if this was something that we should be involved with. I have never attended a Renaissance Fair of this type before, and I had no idea what the S.C.A. was all about. I'm not a joiner and if it isn't Scottish, it isn't an event that I would feel on comfortable ground with. This is why this is a non-report. I didn't go as a representative of Clan Henderson Society, just as a harmless old man in a Kilt. Next year will be different..

John was there for the new Shire of S.C.A. for Allegany County, one that he was involved in founding.

John was there as a Gallowglass, I was just there, and Brother Adonis

was there as just another member of one of the local religions. Because this is a College town with three Universities in it, we have everything from traditional Catholic, to black Wiccia, and everything in between—Protestant, Jewish, Muslim, and anything else you happen to run across in your travels.

If you pick a race of peoples, chances are one of them is in this town studying something. That's one of the many charms of this event, a chance to meet people of diverse backgrounds on neutral ground. So much for the politics of the region. They're not important in the great scheme of things, only another Game is important. I will do this affair next year.

Mid East Region

1995 Frederick County Scottish Expo

by Steve Henderson

This is a fairly young event that has gotten better each year. Clan Henderson was one of the first clans to participate a few years ago when the festival got organized, so we were again given a premier location to attract visitors and to observe all the games and music. This year we finally had some Henderson cousins drop by the tent to say hi. (They must be pretty scarce up in north-central Maryland). Janeil Henderson and Rex Maddox and I set up the displays and visited with the record crowds browsing along the row of clans.

The highlight of this festival has always been the Saturday evening concert. This year's concert featured beautiful fiddling by Bonnie Rideout, plus hours of boisterous music from assorted rowdy musi-

cians. Their performance concluded with possibly the oddest rendition ever of the "Unicorn Song" backed up by an ad-hoc pantomime troupe of mimes and can-can dancers.

The weather, location, and food were all great, and a good time is always had by all. Hope to see you there next year.

Alexandria Scottish Heritage Fair

by Jefferson Henderson II, FSA Scot

The sixth Alexandria Scottish Heritage Fair was held on September 16, 1995, in Fort Ward Park, Alexandria, Virginia. We Hendersons have a great stake in the event because Clan Henderson Society members have been in key leadership roles since the Fair began. The Fair this year was a great success. Great publicity brought out a crowd estimated at over 7,000 people. Also, the weather was cloudy, but the temperature was just right. Because of the large crowd, we had about a 100 visitors at our tent.

Clan members that were present were Russell, Judy, Thomas, Dorothy, Doris, Bill, Cathy, Jefferson II, Nancy, Tim, Lynnae, Elliot and Kate Henderson. Also, Craig, Dorothy, Erin and Stephen Doolittle; John and Katie Hobday, Rex and Pat Maddox, Jamie, Katie, Linda and Richard Goodwin, Ron and Linda MacDonald, Joan Weiss, and Christi Heston. James M. Pettitt III joined our Society and Erin Heston renewed her membership.

Jeff II and Nancy saw old friends from many years back when our Clan tent was on the field near the Lamonds. They had a great reunion with John and Cora Lamond. Jeff and Nancy also managed to get two friends from church, Roger and Mary Hartman introduced to the Lamond Clan. Nancy and Larry Allen former neighbors of Nancy and Jeff plus friends of many years, Judy and Herb Kalish spent time in the tent. Activities at the Fair are be-

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Brother Adonis, Northeastern Region Commissioner Paul Roy Henderson, and Bodyguard Leader John McHenry.



Janeil Henderson joined Gareth MacKenzie in telling stories of Scotland at the Alexandria Scottish Heritage Fair.

all-woman ensemble who played and sang their traditional Irish music for over an hour. The group has four world class step dancers who left the audience on their feet and breathless! An excellent show!

ing covered in another article, so please look for it. Be sure to attend the Fair in 1996. It is a great event!

The 1995 Richmond Highland Games and Celtic Festival

by Rex and Pat Maddox

Held for the first time on the weekend of 27-29 October, these Games were not attended by a Convenor for Clan Henderson. Pat and I had decided to attend, at the urging of several friends who were part of the organizing group, and found a well planned event at the Virginia State Fairgrounds at Strawberry Hill. We did not anticipate any activity other than possibly COSCA support and the opportunity to just walk around and "enjoy" a Games.

The festival opening ceremonies were held in the Classic Amphitheatre on the Fairgrounds and included an impressive Presentation of Colors and Tartan flags. Mr. Donnie MacDonald was the Honored Person and presided over the event. This ceremony was followed by entertainment performed by Richmond's own "Andy and Cindy," who are renowned local entertainers and who sang several Irish Celtic numbers. They were followed by one of the biggest torrential downpours experienced in this part of Virginia in many a year.

Nearly an hour passed before the rain stopped and the stage could be mopped and generally cleaned up for KeltiKatz, a Richmond group who provided several Celtic folk songs. The highlight of the evening, however, was a group known as Cherish The Ladies. An excellent premier

The field was still wet and muddy on Saturday morning, but eighteen Clans were present and had been joined by an Irish family Association and the Welsh Society. We came across friend and entertainer Carl Peterson struggling to put up a tent and assisted him in his efforts. There appeared to be plenty of space available and vendors were spread throughout the grounds—numerous food purveyors and over twenty goods vendors including several not seen at any previous games or festivals. An excellent selection of goods and some wonderful new food delights including a new Richmond micro-brewery. It was evident the organizers had taken a good look at the traditional and had ventured into new and exciting areas for Scottish Games vending activities.

We contacted the staff Clan representative to see if we could set up a COSCA table somewhere in the Clan area and were offered a tent for a "no-show" Clan. This site proved to be an opportune location and over seventy-five people either filled out cards or were directly referred to attending Clans. Sunday's activities were equally as provident with fifty more people taking advantage of the COSCA referral service. One item of particular interest, however, is the fact that we were not approached by a single person of Henderson heritage during our two days of COSCA activity.

The Richmond Games will continue to build and will become one of the more important Scottish events in the Mid Atlantic Region. There is, however, doubt as to whether attendance by our Clan would be benefi-

cial unless there was a concerted effort to contact the many Henderson families in the Richmond area and garner their participation.

Hendersons Participate in Arlington National Cemetery Dedication

by Jeff Henderson II, FSA Scot

On 3 November 1995, President William Jefferson Clinton dedicated a Memorial Cairn in Arlington National Cemetery. The Memorial Cairn honors the 270 victims who perished in the terrorist bombing of Pan American Flight 103 on 2 December 1988. The explosion occurred over Lockerbie, Scotland. Clan Henderson Society members Jeff and William Henderson along with Jerry Zillion, were three of the 24 ushers from the Washington, D.C. St. Andrew's Society who assisted at the ceremony. Nancy Henderson and Mary Henderson from Denver, Colorado were also present at the dedication.

The cairn is located behind the Custis Lee Mansion in the Cemetery. It consists of 270 stones, one for each person lost in the disaster. Each stone fits together to form a circular tower eight feet wide at the base, tapering to a height of eleven feet. The

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Jeff Henderson II standing in front of the Memorial Cairn in Arlington National Cemetery. The Cairn was built to honor the 270 victims of Pan Am flight 103. The plane exploded over Lockerbie, Scotland, on 21 December 1988.

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Cairn stones were cut from Corsehill Quarry which is approximately eight miles southeast of Lockerbie. The subtle pink sandstone has long been valued around the world and has been used to create many important structures including the base of the Statue of Liberty.

The Rt. Honorable Sir Hector Monro represented Scotland at the ceremony. Also present were Attorney General Janet Reno, Secretary of State Warren Christopher, and Senator Theodore Kennedy.

Southeastern Region

Scottish American Society and Boy Scouts of Chickasaw District

by Kevin "Caber Maker" Henderson

On 14 October 1995 Tom Buckalew, Roderick MacLeod, Gordon Tyson, Harry Kiefer, Kevin Henderson, Matt Kiefer, and Eddie DelValle represented the SAS in a demonstration of the Scottish Highland games for around 300 Boy Scouts at the Lutheran Woods Park in Lake County, Florida.

Rod and Eddie demonstrated the modern sport of soccer. Eddie is the coach for the girls soccer team for Dr. Phillips High School.



Edwin Hendricks, Cory Hendricks, Steve Carter, Horace Loftin, Harry Kiefer, George Henderson, Tony Martin. In front: "Shorty" Henderson, Matt Kiefer, and Rex Maddox

Tom, Gordon, Harry, and Kevin demonstrated the caber toss, weight toss, hammer throw, and the stone of strength. The caber was grown and cut by Kathleen Henderson. De-barked and sanded to its special 10' 8" length and 81 pound weight for the boy scouts by Kevin Henderson.

Matt, who was grade four piper of the day in the 1995 Orlando games was our Piper of the day and played before and between the sessions.

Harry and Matt drove for 2-1/2 hours from Sarasota to attend this event. Harry is the Florida Convenor for Clan Henderson, the Honored Clan for the 1-6 Orlando Games. We appreciate this kind of involvement from Clan Henderson in events leading up to the 1996 Games.

The Chickasaw district scouts and scoutmasters participated in any event they wished, being assisted by a Kilt clad Scottish athlete. The caber proved to be more difficult then it looked. However our own President of the SAS had two tosses of 12 o'clock.

The soccer demonstration was so popular that when it came time for the scouts to rotate to the next session some tried to lag behind to continue to play soccer.

Tom had his map of Scotland and the book of Scottish names, and was answering many questions about Scottish heritage for the scouts.

After a fine lunch provided by the scouts in a shelter out of the hot sun, the tug-of-war commenced. The scoutmasters squared off against each other first, and then the boy scouts divided up amongst themselves and tugged for the top honor. After more demonstration and piping and personal attempts at most every event by almost every scout, the rain came.

We bid farewell to a fine group of ladies and gentlemen and received a hearty thank you from all of the Chickasaw District Scouts. We will most certainly see some of these fine ladies and gentlemen at the 1996 Highland games.

Far South Region

Seventh Annual Days of the Scots

John Knox Ranch (Presbyterian Hill Country, Blanco River Retreat)

by B.B. Shuffler

The autumnal equinox (first day of fall) brought a chilly, clear Texas Hill Country dawn the week end of 23 September. The cookhouse in the pavilion building was very busy preparing what one must refer to as "Country Gourmet" food. This gathering place near Fischer, Texas, about equidistant from Austin and San Antonio undoubtedly has the best food we have experience at a Scottish Festival, bar none, including homemade chicken pasties and shortbread.

This gathering was moved this year from a ranch at Hunt, Texas to this location, prompting this first Clan Henderson participation.

This ranch provides excellent fields for games, and meeting facilities (indoor and outdoor) very appropriate for concerts, seminars, ceilidhs, and Kirk.

A somewhat unique-in our experience-format was used, with a dinner and concert on Friday evening; five first-rate Scottish Studies Seminars Saturday morning by professors from Glasgow University, Trinity University (San Antonio), Rice University (Houston), The University of Texas (Austin); opening of Clan and Vendor tents at noon Saturday; Scottish dancing, music, entertainment, and games Saturday afternoon; dinner and Ceilidh Saturday evening; and Kirkin' O' the Tartans with the Iona Morning Prayer Service Sunday morning.

The Clan Henderson tent was set up and staffed by H.L. "Short" and Marge Henderson of Irving, Texas,



"Shorty" Henderson carries the Henderson tartan at the Iona Prayer Service.

a large portion of the attendees participating under the excellent instruction and demonstration of "Torf" and Sarah Torfason of Austin.

This event should increase in attendance in forthcoming years with the proximity to cities such as Austin and San Antonio. We look forward to getting more of the "Hidden Hendersons" of Texas out to such events and in to membership in the Clan Society.

South West Region

and Bill and Kassie Shuffler of Fort Worth. A high point of tent activity was a visit from Temple and Wanda Henderson from Ingram, near Kerrville, Texas.

Temple provided the sheep dog demonstration for the games, and his wife is working on their genealogy. He couldn't wear his newly acquired Henderson cap during his demonstration — his dogs wouldn't know him since he always wears a cowboy hat when working with them! Maybe we can get some Tartan on him next time! We discussed genealogy and have sent historic information on a Henderson family in Concho County in West Texas which appears to tie in with their line with common locations, names, and progenitors who served as Texas Rangers in the mid-to-late 1800's

Once again, the table out front with the Tartan Map with list of septs of the clans, Black's THE SURNAMES OF SCOTLAND, and the Council of Scottish Clans and Associations (COSCA) surname/clan cross reference was the top drawing card, in spite of a computerized "names service" vendor adjacent to us. Thanks again to Bob Henderson of Loveland, Colorado, for showing us this technique!

The Austin Scottish Country Dancers provided outstanding entertainment at the Saturday evening Ceilidh. More importantly, they had

A Night to Remember in Colorado

by Bob Henderson

South West Region's Peggy Zanin was elected Chieftain of the 850-member St. Andrews Society of Colorado. At their St. Andrews Ball on November 18th a special surprise awaited her, but let her tell the story. "...When I first became Chieftain, the Country Dancers were teasing me about what they were to call me: Chieftainess, Madam Chieftain, etc. They finally decided on "Warrior Queen" (the comedians). Without telling anyone of their plans they made targes with the Henderson crest. They borrowed swords from the Highland Dancers and six women marched in accompanied by a piper and followed by six men. The MC just about had a heart attack as he had no idea what was going on and his schedule was already running a little behind. The women formed a set and the leader of the group shouted out "Hail to our Warrior Queen." They passed the swords and targes to the men who knelt behind them as they danced the "Reel of the 51st." The irony of the dance is that it was created in a prisoner of war camp by the 51st Division as a means of exercise and maintaining their cultural identity. It is traditionally danced by all men. There was a wee bit of concern that some of the "old guard" would take offense, and



Bill and Kassie Shuffler, Marge and "Shorty" Henderson at 7th Annual Days of the Scots—Shorty donned his kilt later.

they might have, but no one has said anything negative and many shrieked with delight (including me)."

Canadian Region

The 1995 Canmore Highland Games

3 September 1995

by Andrew McMillan

The fifth annual Canmore Highland Games, in Canmore, Alberta; started off with a cool, clear, sunny morning. The weather was forecast for a hot and sunny Labour Day long week-end. Yesterday when Doreen and I arrived in Canmore to set-up our tent in the campground the day was beautifully sunny and

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Country Dancers salute Peggy Zanin, their "Warrior Queen," at the St. Andrews Ball in Colorado.



Andrew MacMillan at the Henderson table in Canmore.

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hot, the first good weekend this summer in southern Alberta.

By 8 o'clock we had decided not to put up the tent, instead we would just use our table. We were just inside the east gate so we were guaranteed at least a third of all spectators and most of the competitors would pass our table.

My Mom, Jill (Henderson) McMillan, was out for the Games and helped out during the day by looking after the table from time to time so I could get out to see the sights, too.

Canmore is a tourist oriented town and people would come and go to the Game site and then return to town for coffee or a bite to eat as the downtown is only a block or two away. Trying to guess just how many spectators were at the Games is difficult but I would say in the 4000 to 4500 neighbourhood would not be too far off.

We had 17 people sign in to our guest book. Hendersons from Canmore, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon, and Vernon are among these. One of the Hendersons is of Swedish decent and she didn't realize that it was a surname for Scots as well. She noted that she is one of "The Original Swedish Hendersons."

We also made contact with three of the Hendersons from Calgary, they indicated they have a good size family in the Calgary area. They took membership forms, hopefully they will join.

Around 7 p.m. we made our way to the Ceilidh. It was starting to fill up. The food was good however it was expensive for the portion served. The beverages were affordable and plentiful. The entertainment was uplifting. A good time all in all.

For those of you who will be in the Canmore area next year, September 1, 1996, is the date for the 6th Canmore Highland Games. For more information just contact me at; (403) 686-6909 or 4419 Richardson Way SW, Calgary, AB, T3E 7B6.



Ceol nan Gaidheal *The Music of the Gael*

by Joan McWilliams Weiss

The 1995 U.S. National Mod featuring competitions in Gaelic poetry and song was hosted by the Ligonier Highland Games. It was a pleasure to welcome Dr. Robert T. Henderson, who opened the Mod with the stirring music of the bagpipes. Bob, who is the convenor for Clan Henderson at Ligonier, teaches semantics and has studied Gaelic.

Once again, the Mod brought together the old and new worlds of Scotland and Nova Scotia. Adjudicator Catriona Parsons, from the Isle of Lewis in the Outer Hebrides, is a noted Gaelic educator at St. Francis Xavier University and the Gaelic College in Nova Scotia.

Gaelic singer Norman MacKinnon, 1994 Gold Medalist at Scotland's National Mod, came from

Glasgow as a special guest performer at the U.S. Mod. Frances MacEachen, our second special guest, came from Mabou, Nova Scotia. She is the founding editor of *Am Braighe*, the acclaimed newspaper from the heart of Gaelic Cape Breton. Frances shared her publications and delighted the audience with her traditional Scottish step-dancing.

The competition presented a rich variety of poetry and song in the ancient Celtic language of Scotland. Margaret Carcharie, a student at Wooster College in Ohio, and William Cassidy of Alexandria, Virginia, won top honors in Solo Singing. First place in Gaelic Poetry Recitation was awarded to Rodrick Mitchell of Washington, D.C.

A Gaelic Jam Session on stage after the Mod featured Scottish Harp Champion Sue Richards, Master Fiddler Alasdair Fraser, Mod guests Norman MacKinnon and Frances MacEachen, and Mac-talla, the Washington area Gaelic Singers.

The Mod weekend concluded with Catriona Parsons' wonderful workshop. However, there were still prizes to be sent out to the winners of the innovative Mail-in Mod. The Prose competition reached out to Gaelic learners across the country. Students in locations as distant as Alaska, North Carolina, and Illinois were as close as the mail box.

If you would like to be on the Mod mailing list, please drop me a note at 4710 Essex Avenue, Chevy Chase, MD 20815.

Youth Activities

by Deanna E. Weymuth
dew@sound.net

Tis the season for feasting, St. Andrews Society Dinners, Burns Dinners and generally reminiscing. 'Tis the season for telling stories about the past.

I grew up in with John Paris and his "Roaming the Mountain Column" in The Asheville Citizen. Some of my family did the same things the "mountain folks" he wrote about, but no one ever wrote it down or recorded them saying it. Then came the Foxfire Books, what was so special about them, my aunt quilted, Granny dried apples without a dehydrator. Nobody wrote about them or recorded it for prosperity.

A friend recently reminded me that people are not always with us forever and when they are gone these memories are gone. What I would not give for a video or even a tape of Dad reading the Story of Jesus birth on Christmas Eve, of Granny telling about her parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles, or of an aunt making honeysuckle baskets.

I know we take pictures or videos of special events like children performing at Highland games, the toddler and Grandpa in their matching kilts. We bought a video camera last spring and I have used it I thought "enough" this summer, I taped all of my daughter dancing and the walk-about in Alexandria. I now discover I missed the really important times. I did not get my uncle talking about his family with my husband, I did not ask my aunt to at least tell me how to make baskets and record it.

Parents, grandparents, aunts, and uncles, when the video camera comes out or the tape recorder, don't say "I can't talk with that 'thing' on." Make opportunities to record your memories. Have the family over and just talk about when the family left Scotland, England, and etc. If you are separated by miles, start a tape library for your descendants. Once a month or once a quarter, rather than writing send an audio or video tape sending greetings and

telling about when you grew up, what you remember about your ancestors, the first time you saw the child you are writing, or your memories of attending your first Scottish games. Preserve memories, if possible don't just write them down, do it more personally, tape them.

Clan member L.D. Bass, president of the Olde Mecklenburg Genealogical Society, recently made a strong statement about including young people in all aspects of their cultural heritage. Specifically he said, "Our society needs to hear about some of those gold nuggets (research) that some of the young folks have been doing. Please encourage your sons, daughters or grandchildren to share what they have found out about their ancestors. I think we can all benefit from the viewpoint of a person age 16 or younger. Encourage them to submit articles. We would like to hear about their successes and about the problems they have and how we, the old experienced gold miners, can help. Please have them put their names and ages on their articles."

This statement appeared in the OMGS newsletter and provided a fitting balance to my article. Your cultural heritage is important to you and to the future of your family. It isn't just going to Highland Games or wearing the tartan, but each of you must take the opportunity to record what you know so that it will not be lost.

PLEASE send addresses of pipers, dancers, and athletes. Please don't forget other youth who are taking an interest in things Scottish. I definitely want to get post cards out so people can let me know HOW they are getting ready for the competition season.

The last item is that I want to remind youth of the process for applying for the Chief's Youth Award. The Chief's Youth Award is for young Hendersons who are studying Scottish arts and culture. The Youth

Award process begins with a letter of application written by the individual. Recommendations can be added by local convenors, and the whole package is sent through the Regional Commissioner who forwards it to the president. So far each recipient has used their scholarship to attend piping or dance camp during the summer and each has progressed well as a result of the experience.

Thank God for dirty dishes,
They hae a tale tae tell.
Whilst ither folk gang hungry
We've eaten verra well.
For hame, health an' happiness
We shouldna mak a fuss
For by this pile o' evidence,
God's been verra guid tae us!

Need a Taxi?

by Danny Henderson

While on business in London this past spring, I had the opportunity to have a very engaging and enlightening taxi ride from Gatwick Airport to my hotel.

As I entered the cab and introduced myself, the driver commented that I had a fine Scottish name! His name was Cliff MacLachlan, a true Scot and retired professional soldier who now runs a taxi business and plays/teaches golf in his spare time.

Cliff served in the famed Highland Regiment for some twenty-five years and fought alongside our Marines in the Korean War.

A most engaging chap, Cliff gave me a very interesting verbal tour of the sights as we wended our way to my hotel. He personally enjoys giving tours through his cab company as I would recommend him for a few hours or a day if your travels bring you to London. Cliff can be reached through C&S Cars, 25 Boswell Road, Tilgate Crawley, Sussex. Telephone @ 192517417; FAX 0192614573.





The Harper

by Virginia Broussard

Comedy of Errors

Harping Competitions—My Real Story

Harping in competition is like any other endeavor; there are three basic rules:

- (1) Show up.
- (2) Be on time.
- (3) Be prepared.

Actually, rule 2 is rather flexible. Stage fright is a big factor here, since most folk harpers come late to the instrument. Being adults, they're afraid of really embarrassing themselves on stage. Ergo, most competitions are very forgiving of late registrations to allow a little extra time for coaxing harpers to compete.

Being prepared takes a bit more effort, with four basic steps:

- (1) Find an appropriate arrangement you can play, preferably with Scottish ornamentation (grace notes, etc.)
- (2) Learn the piece.
- (3) Find out something about the tune, so you can introduce it to your audience.
- (4) Develop a mental set so you can keep on playing no matter what happens.

Savvy in finding an arrangement largely consists of knowing which mail-order catalogues to read, and learning the piece itself usually isn't that much of a problem. I memorize mine because I've had no luck at keeping music on a stand during competition. (Winds at Grandfather blew my music off the stand; it fell off at Stone Mountain.) Anyway, what folk harper admits to learning music from a printed page? It doesn't fit well with the bardic image!

Background of the tunes — unless the arranger provides them — usually requires piecing a small

patchwork quilt from snippets of history, geography, and folklore, sometimes with a bit of imagination added. You have to be careful about that imagination part though; sooner or later, you'll find a judge who really does know enough about background to differentiate research from tale spinning.

Another warning: too much detail can be dangerous. It's lucky for me my last judge was fair-minded and good humored. I saw her eyes sparkling with mischief as I was describing the perfidy of the Campbells at Glencoe. How was I to know she'd been elated to discover her Scottish roots that morning — in a sept of clan Campbell?

Developing the proper mind set boils down to accepting that something may indeed go awry, but you'll handle it. I do pray for a clear day with constant temperatures, though. I feel bedraggled when I tune under a dripping umbrella. Worse yet, changing temperatures will guarantee that Leona's strings changed pitch moment to moment. So far I haven't had to play around a string that broke just before time to perform. I understand it's challenging and exciting, but I don't look forward to adding that mishap to my store of experiences!

Actually, though, showing up is the real key. I strongly suspect that I took home my first gold medal from the Grandfather Mountain Games largely because that particular convenor really did like to encourage out-of-town attendees, and even more so because I was the only person in the beginner class. My beginner trophy came home from the Stone Mountain Games with me the year I was just at the edge of playing too long to be in the class.

This year, I didn't plan to compete at Stone Mountain. I hadn't played outside my lessons for a year,

I didn't want to wrestle with Leona by myself, and one cramping ring finger hadn't straightened out for two days. But I guess I'm a racehorse at heart. When they're taking me off to the glue factory, I'll kick my way out the barn and lope toward the harp competition. At the last minute, I registered as a competitor.

Good fortune was with me. The trophy didn't surprise me. (Like I said, showing up is key — especially if you're the only competitor in a class.) But the gold medal still has me stymied. That's because it's based on a more or less consistent standard, once harpers get beyond beginner class.

I had to borrow a larger clarsach than Roland, the lap harp I'd brought with me. I loved the touch of Juliet, the first harp offered; but my left hand kept reaching for a string an octave below her lowest strand. So I made a tour of the games searching the absent owner of another. When I struck the first chord on stage, I realized I needed a seat at least two inches closer to the ground; Rose is almost identical to Leona — but lacks her six inch long legs. My fingers came close to calling a "sit down" strike during "Glenlivet"; after the first phrase of "Massacre at Glencoe", my inner ear went silent. I'd rate it as one of my worst performances, except that I shone in recovering from errors — I had lots of opportunities to demonstrate that skill that day.

I received my highest rating ever. Go figure. And I'll let you know when I win another trophy. Probabilities being what they are, I'll find a semiprofessional competition with no other entrants in five years or so. Winning the Amateur Trophy this year means I have to advance a class. But I guess I shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth — at least not too closely!

Gloves Found, Are They Yours?

A pair of ladies gloves were left at
Claude and Ann's house after the
Ceilidh on 2 December.
Call (703) 335-5070.

An Important Item to Consider

Or Why We Really Travel All Over The Country

by Rex & Pat Maddox



Departure from our Alexandria, Virginia home to attend any sort of out of town activity usually takes place at noon which permits plenty of "no rush" time for getting the house ready for its "no occupancy" status. We started this practice some time ago when we determined there was little (if any) need for rushing around prior to departing on what we hoped was to be an enjoyable excursion. In addition, we have begun to plan our trips to be at certain locations, which we have found during numerous ventures, to have some of the finer places to enjoy a good meal. Thus the purpose for this article and the "important item" referred to above.

Yes, we've finally come to that point where the enjoyment of life can be accomplished in so many easy ways —one of them being through the partaking of a really good Epicurean delight. As an example, heading west, we try to make our first night's stop at either Beckley, West Virginia or Frostburg, Maryland. Either place has its share of good lodging, with numerous locations at Beckley, while Frostburg has an excellent **Comfort Inn** where advance senior reservations can get you a 30% discount on normal "rack" rates.

BUT, when in Beckley, go to **Char**, a really very nice dining facility overlooking a lovely duck pond, located only a mile from the center of town and which serves excellent American cuisine. Evening specials are often worth trying and have never been disappointing and the steaks are a house specialty and are aged beef (wonderful!). A nice wine list - nothing special, but good.

If you head west through Maryland, Frostburg is a definite stopping place. On the main street of town, about a mile and a half from the Comfort Inn, is **Au Petit Paris**! This outstanding eatery has an excellent staff who cater to your every need

and offer some of the finest French cuisine we have had anywhere including France! Expertly prepared seafood with beef and veal specialties and daily specials which include appetizers and salads as well as entree's. An outstanding wine list and a small, private, area in which a pre-dinner cocktail may be enjoyed. This is truly one of the finest dining experiences you will find anywhere. Kilts are always welcome!

On our Southern excursions, we often plan a first night's stay in Danville, Virginia. (Danville, Virginia? you say.) Yes, it's one of those rare opportunities today where a good lodging facility also enjoys a good reputation as a very fine restaurant. Danville has the **Stratford Inn**. Dining in an alcove which resembles the wine cellars of France and Portugal and where the local cuisine is an excellent experience. An appetizer tray with cheese spread begins every dinner and the menu is extensive with good choices from each area whether it be fish, fowl or beef. Their chicken cordon bleu is especially nice, although daily specials often outweigh this choice. Wines are generally from an American list and some good choices are available from the better known California wineries. We like this place for its convenience but the dining room has to be an excellent choice in any case.

Should you be heading North, say to Fergus, Ontario for the Games there, try stopping in Altoona, Pennsylvania, for the night and going to the **Allegro** restaurant. Italian at its very finest. Northern and southern dishes featuring veal and chicken entree's as well as the best pasta (home made) you'll find anywhere.

There are other very fine dining locations we could recommend, depending on what you are looking for in the way of meals. If it's plain old country cooking that's on your mind and a big plate of whatever it is you

enjoy is foremost in those thoughts, and you just happen to be close to Concordia, Kansas - well, it's **Bobby and Dot's** for you! An excellent small town cafe run for the locals (always packed with a buffet on every night (except Sunday closed) and excellent prepared meals. My favorite when in this environment is chicken fried steak (grew up on it) and the preparation at Bobby and Dot's is the finest you'll find anywhere, even Texas, and with or without the white gravy! Now I won't say Bobby and Dot's is the only cafe in town, but it's certainly head and shoulders above the others.

One other thing - I can't tell you how many times and in how many places we've eaten at the **Outback** restaurants - could be close to fifty - but I've never had a steak there that was under or overcooked nor one which wasn't the easiest for my old teeth to chew. Always good and highly recommended! Pat's favorite is the coconut shrimp as an appetizer (no dinner, plenty here) She especially enjoys the horseradish marmalade on pieces of the loaves of dark bread served with the (my) dinners. Definitely a cooperative effort.

Opportunities

BETH GAY is building a lending library of Scottish paperback books for Clan Henderson. There are many novels which could be shared through this program. Write to Beth at PO Box 1110, Moultrie, GA 31776-1110 for details and titles.



FORDELL CASTLE is for sale. If there is enough interest among serious investors, action will be taken throughout Clan Henderson world-wide to buy it. Contact VP Danny Henderson.



A HENDERSON STONE will be included in the rebuilt cairn at Grandfather Mountain. Small donations for the cairn should be sent to Treasurer Christi Heston. Excess funds will support the memorialization of the Henderson Stone in Glencoe, Scotland.



World Famous Artist, P. Buckley Moss, Joins Clan Henderson

By Jefferson Henderson II, FSA Scot
P. "Pat" Buckley Moss, or in real life, Mrs. Malcolm Henderson and her husband have joined Clan Henderson Society. Malcolm was born in Aberdeen, Scotland. Malcolm told Claude and Jeff II that when he was young his father, who was a physician, moved to Southern England. Malcolm said that he had to wear his kilt to church every Sunday and, as a result of this Scottish custom, he soon hated Sundays.

We are hoping that "Pat" Buckley Moss Henderson will paint a picture of a Scotsman and Scotswoman wearing kilts in the Henderson tartan. If so, there would be 1000 numbered prints for sale. We look forward to this possibility.



Bakersfield, CA
Nov. 1995

Dear Russ

In response to Deanna Weymuth's Youth Activities column in the October An Canach, I provide the following information to Society members who may be interested in Henderson flannel shirts. Lands End offers Henderson flannel shirts this year for \$28.00. To request a catalogue or order a shirt, item no. 2048-123X, phone (800) 356-4444.

Unfortunately, the flannel used to make these shirts is not available to retail purchasers — Lands End had

the material for their shirts manufactured specially for them in Portugal and it is not available by the yard. If anyone knows of a source of Henderson cotton flannel by the yard or bolt, I'd be interested in hearing about it.

Wool plaid in the Henderson tartan is available in several weights from Scottish Lion Imports in New Hampshire, among others. Their catalogue can be ordered by calling (800) 355-7268.

Sincerely,
Suzanne M. Henderson

Ed. Note: Almost every year, someone does a little research into Henderson tartan. They usually end their search talking to a Dan River Mills distributor. The minimum order is 3500 yards and the current price is \$4.75 per yard. This order is for 60 to 62 inch, poly-cotton. While I think that many members would like the odd yard or two (dozen?), the \$16,000 front money stopped us when we had a hundred members just as quickly as it does today. Now, if someone out there in the clan wanted to . . .



East meets West in Redlands, California

By Jefferson Henderson II, FSA Scot
Nancy and Jeff II went to California to celebrate Thanksgiving 1995 with Jeff III and daughter-in-law, Susan. Jeff III is the South Pacific Regional Bodyguard Leader. The South Regional Deputy Kenet and his wife Michelle, joined the other Hendersons for Thanksgiving dinner at Jeff III and Susan's home. The men wore their kilts, so it was a real Scottish Thanksgiving.

The picture was taken outside the world famous Mission Inn, located in Riverside, California where the three couples met for dinner the night before Jeff II and Nancy flew home to Virginia. These friendships have been formed as a result of membership in the Clan Henderson Society.



Kenet, Jeff II, Nancy, Jeff III, Susan and Michelle Henderson at the Mission Inn in Riverside, California.

Coming Events

(Ed. note: This information is the best we have at deadline. Please contact your Regional Commissioner.)

1996

January (an Faoilteach)

- 1 New Year's Day / Ne'er Day**
- 5 Auld Yule (Twelfth Night)**
- 6 Feast of Epiphany / Uphalieday**
- 13 Midwinter Scottish Fair**
Arlington Convention Center
Arlington, TX
- 18 Chief's Birthday**
Dr. John W.P. Henderson of Fordell
- 19-21 Orlando Highland Games**
Seminole GreyhoundPark,
Casselberry, FL
Honored Guest / Clan
*Harry Keifer (813)746-2193
- 25** (Check your Region for the many Burns Night Dinners.)
- 27 Sarasota Highland Games**
Polo Club, Sarasota, FL

February (an Gearran)

- 12 Chieftain's Birthday**
Claude Henderson
- 13 Glencoe Massacre - 1692**
- 17 Jacksonville Games**
Morocco Temple
- 17-18 Queen Mary Scottish Festival**
Long Beach, CA
- 19 President's Day**
- 24 Arizona Highland Games**
Mesa Community College
Phoenix, AZ
*Sean Hendricks

March (an Mart)

- 2 Southeast Florida Scottish Festival & Games**
Key Biscayne, Miami, FL
*Harry Keifer (813)746-2193
- 9 Scottish Heritage Festival**
Grace Presbyterian Church
Panama City, FL
*Sue Gulkis (904) 769-4800
- 8-10 Sonora Celtic Celebration**
Sonora Fairgrounds, Sonora, CA
*LarryMae Phillips
(707)528-9892
- 23 Mid-Wialliamette**
Chemeketa C.C., Salem, OR
- 30-31 Hawaiian Scottish Festival**
Kapiolani Park
Honolulu, HI

Chief of the Name and Arms of Henderson

Dr. John William Philp Henderson of Fordell

"Rosyth" 7 Owen Street
Toowoomba, Queensland 4350
Australia

Chieftain

Alistair D. Henderson, Younger of Fordell

125 Annie Street
Torwood, Queensland 4066
Australia

High Commissioner for North America and Chieftain

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"VIRTUE Alone Ennobles"

Clan Henderson Society of the United States and Canada



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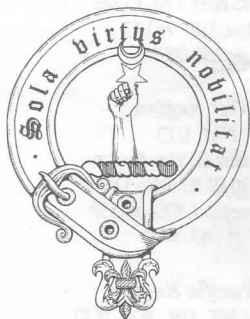
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Membership information is available from your Regional Commissioner

or from the Secretary, Harry J. Keifer, 711 — 136th Street East, Bradenton, FL 34202-9684.

An Canach is sent to members quarterly.



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